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The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1878.

NUMBER 2.

POETRY.

INCOMPLETE.

A harp that has been touched,
But never waked to tune;
A little frost-killed dower,
That blossomed out too soon;
A young voice hushed in death,
Its sweet song half unsung;
Hands folded cold and still,
Their life-work but begun;
Unfinished, incomplete,
And yet forever done.

A leaf turned down to mark
A story book half read;
The book forgotten now,
The reader lying dead;
A piece of work laid by,
The need in it still;
Two feet already tired,
Just starting up life's hill;
A home made desolate,
Oh God! is this thy will?

With aching hearts we cry,
Oh God! is this the end?
Or may her harp from heaven
Its music to us send?

The blossom lost from earth;
The sweet unprinted song;
Shall it continue then?

The blighted rose re-bloom?

For all of life's lost joys

Shall recompence be given?

Is the life unfinished here

To grow complete in heaven?

—MARY E. C. JOHNSON.

STORY TELLER.

A COLLECTOR'S STORY.

"Good bye, dear," I said, after I had
put on my coat and gathered up the
reins.

She took hold of my wrist and
detained me.

"Wait a moment, John."

Then she called to Mack, my great
Newfoundland dog, and he came out
of the house, and, at a motion from
her, jumped into the sleigh and curled
himself at my feet.

He was a noble fellow, my brave
Mack. I really think there never was
such another dog. I had brought him
all the way from New Hampshire, and
we had grown to feel perfectly secure

in the house with him, so watchful
and faithful was the noble dog; but it
never occurred to me to take him

on this trip, in a sleigh.

"Belle," I said, "you are a silly girl.
The dog will be only a botheration to
me, and ten to one you'll want him
here before I get back."

"Now, John, please do take him—
for me! Please do take him, John—
take him, just because your silly little
wife is afraid to have you go without
him."

Of course the girl had her way. I
was never able to understand how a
man can resist this kind of persuasion.

I never could, and never expect to.
So I kissed her and chirruped to
Chevalier, and he bounded away
through the settlement like an arrow.

It was in the dead of winter, and
an unusually heavy snow had fallen,

filling the roadway to the depth of
four feet. There had been travel
enough to pack it hard, so that I found

the sleighing excellent. Chevalier's
hoofs glanced nimbly over the snow,

and in two hours I had made more than
twenty miles, and had reached the
substantial log-cabin of one of our best
and most intelligent customers. He

received me with a hearty welcome,
and when I told him what my mission
was, he invited me to make his cabin

my headquarters while I remained in
the neighborhood. I thankfully ac-
cepted the invitation, stayed all night,
and the next morning, under the
guidance of Dick, my host's son, a
clever boy of about thirteen, I started

out to make my first experiment in
collecting. It does not concern my
story to describe everything that hap-
pened to me during my stay with my
friend, which lasted rather more than

a week.

When I began to realize that I had
collected about as much as my em-
ployer had expected from this trip, I
sat down to count it. I had been out

all day, and it was now just at the
edge of evening. Supper was almost

ready, and I made up my mind that if
my portmanteau contained as much as

I thought, I would only wait to appear
my hunger before returning to the
settlement. I poured out the money
on the floor, and counted it. It was

all in gold and silver, for bank-notes
would have been despised among us
then, and there was the sum of eleven

hundred and seventy-three dollars.
They were all sorry to have me go, and
made me promise to come again and
bring my wife before the winter was
gone. I put on my coat and muffled
up my ears, and started.

The sleighing was still excellent;
the night was clear and cold, and the
full moon made it as bright as day.
We skinned along for a mile or two,
my thoughts all the time on Belle and
the happy meeting we would have in
a little time, when the extraordinary
conduct of Mack attracted my attention.
He had been lying quietly at
my feet, with the rug which enveloped
them also covering him. He suddenly
shook it off, growled savagely and
began to smell around the bottom of
the sleigh.

Had it been summer time I really
believe I should have thought the
animal was going mad. Never before
did I see him behave thus; and his
conduct troubled me so that I shouted
to Chevalier, and we skinned away
faster. About sixty rods ahead I saw
a tall, blasted tree, which I had been
told was half way from the settlement
to Mr. Selkirk's and pulling out my
watch to observe the time, I saw to
my surprise that I had been an hour
and three-quarters coming twelve
miles. I think I was never so aston-
ished in my life. The capacities of
Chevalier were so well known to me,
and I was so sure that his ordinary
gait, without the frequent urging I
had given him would carry Mack and
me a mile in six minutes, mile after
mile, that I could not comprehend
that he had been so slow, while appar-
ently traveling so fast. I called to
him again, and he stepped off smartly;
the dog growled, and, I am heartily
ashamed to say it, I kicked him hard
in my unreasonable anger. I had
cause to repent of those kicks before
another ten minutes had gone.

I passed the blasted tree, and en-
tered upon the last half of the way.
Before me now lay a long level stretch
of road, without an obstruction or
turn for several miles, and one dazzling
white surface of snow upon it.
I looked out ahead and just as far as
I could see to distinguish anything
from the snow, probably not less than
a mile away, I saw a black speck. It
did not hold my attention when
I first saw it; but as Chevalier sped
on, rapidly devouring the distance,
it took form and size, until when
within thirty rods of it, I could plainly
see that it was a man. There he stood,
upright in the middle of the road,
without motion or speech, ap-
parently waiting!

Was he waiting for me? Did he know
that I was coming with eleven hundred
dollars in cash in a portmanteau at
my feet? And, if so, what would
he do? For the first time since my
absence from the settlement I began
to feel nervous, and thought it would
only be safe to take out my pistols
and have them ready. I felt in my
right-hand overcoat pocket, and found
nothing. They had both been removed,
and at Selkirk's. I was certain I had
them when I returned there at night.

A horrible suspicion of intended
murder and robbery flashed upon me;
and here I was stripped of my weapons
and defenceless. The horse was
now within four rods of the motionless
figure in the road, and bearing down
rapidly upon him, and with the des-
perate idea of running over him, I
shouted to Chevalier, and lashed him
to Chevalier, and lashed him
with the ends of the lines. He bounded
like a bolt up to the man, stopped
in his flight, swerved, and was in-
stantly sized by the bit, and his head
brought down by the powerful ruffian.
Before I had time to think, there was
a shout, which I distinctly heard:

"Your money, quick!" and then came
two pistol shots, in such rapid suc-
cession that I could not have counted
two between them. One ball passed
through my hat as I afterwards dis-
covered, within an inch of my head;

the other went between my right arm
and my body, cutting the skin in its
passage. Almost at the instant Mack
gave a ferocious growl and dove under
the seat upon which I was sitting. I
heard him snapping and growling, and
heard a human voice, half-suffocated,
trying to say: "Oh, God! Oh, God!"

Yours truly,
J. W. PAGE.

Biddeford, Me., Jan. 1, 1878.

situation. The man who had stopped
me was struggling with Chevalier,
desperately striving to keep his head
down, when a happy thought came to
my deliverance, and I quickly jerked
the lines one after another. Quick as
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THE BLAND SILVER BILL.

The JOURNAL is not a political paper, and has nothing to do with parties. This, however, does not deprive it from discussing measures before the National Congress, especially when such measures do not claim party parentage.

Deaf-mutes, as a rule, pay little heed to Congressional attempts to meddle with the public currency and hence establish the public credit.

They may, doubtless, have some interest in a plan which, if carried out, will reduce the purchasing power of their wages to a perceptibly inconvenient extent.

This plan is to restore to circulation the old silver dollar—"the dollar of our daddies" as it is called, and also making it payable for public and private debts. American silver, although once a valuable metal, and of stable standard as a currency, is just now a drug in the market, taking the world as a whole. In England, for instance, it is at a discount of ten per cent, one hundred dollars in silver there, being worth only ninety dollars in gold. So that country, which has invested millions in our bonds of all kinds, is filled with alarm, lest an unwise course of Congress should cheat them out of just so much of their property as is represented in the United States bonds they hold, less the difference between gold and silver at its commercial value. So our bankers abroad find their sales of our securities brought to a standstill, which must continue till the question is solved one way or another.

In this country gold, which had been steadily falling in premium, has stopped in its descent, and is actually rising; and the despised greenback is, in fact, worth more than silver.

A leading principle of those who sustain the silver Bill, and they are men of both parties, is that just so long as the standard currency is coin, it is foolish to make a hair-splitting between gold and silver. But the hair in this case is a log of some thousand feet diameter, and the English, with good reason, ask why not pay in the "coppers of our daddies," and argue that when gold is jumbled up with the baser metals, each of which comes under the definition of coin, there is no logical sequence too absurd to contemplate.

The greenback legal tender of the country is undergoing a natural course of contraction, so that each year adds to its value. Already it is next to gold, and until recently was in a fair way to become as good currency as a Bank of England note, which anywhere under the British flag is received and paid the same as gold. As it is, the attempts to bolster up silver have added to its sin of abundance the fatal taint of commonness, and it is now third in the quotations of American valuations, and rated so much lower elsewhere that a wild scare ensues from its very mention as an extinguisher of debt.

The recess of Congress, has made a temporary lull in the excitement; but it is boasted that on the re-assembling, the Bill will be passed in the first place, and when vetoed by the President, as it surely will be, passed over his head, in the second and last place. All of which we take with considerable allowance, and finally decline to believe that a century's build of public credit, is to be swept away in this moment's summary fashion.

Fine printing of all kinds executed at THE JOURNAL Office, at low prices. Come in and see samples.

Let no Man ask for Leisure.

The most fallacious ideas prevail respecting leisure. People are always saying to themselves, "I would do this and I would do that if I had leisure." Now, there is no condition in which the chance of doing good is less than in the condition of leisure. The man fully employed may be able to gratify his good disposition by improving himself or his neighbors, or serving the public in some useful way; but the man who has all of his time to dispose of as he pleases, has but a poor chance, indeed, of doing so. To do, increases the capacity of doing; and it is far less difficult for a man who is in an habitual course of exertion, to exert himself a little more for an extra purpose, than for the man who does little or nothing, to put himself into motion for the same end. There is a reluctance in all things to be set a-going; but when that is got over, then everything goes sweetly enough. Just so it is with the idle man. In losing the habit, he loses the power of doing. But a man who is busy about some regular employment for a proper length of time every day, can very easily do something else during the remaining hours; indeed, the recreation of the weary man is apt to be busier than the perpetual leisure of the idle.

Let no man cry for leisure in order to do anything. Let him rather pray that he may never have leisure. If he really wishes to do any good thing he will always find time for it, by properly arranging his other employments.

The Advance Trying to "Stop" its Readers.

In the *Deaf-Mute Advance* of Dec. 29th, is an article from one of its subscribers, asking for explanations of certain Latin words, in an article published in a previous number of the *Advance*, upon which editorial remarks are made, among which we extract the following:

"We do condemn as dogs those who become more and more exacting of benevolent funds, after they have fared well and even sumptuously through the charity of a State. This is an instance of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL which imprudently called deaf-mutes friends, the dog in the manger."

The dog-in-the-manger that that paper refers to was applied to some person or persons. The term was never alleged to apply to any particular institution nor person, but we suppose that the *Advance*, thinking that the garment might fit, applied it to some one at the Illinois institution.

The Journal greedily persists in saying, "as a personal right, guaranteed to every American citizen, we excise, and shall ever continue to adopt the privilege." "The privilege of what?" Of course, of calling the principal of every institution "the dog in the manger" and other hard names, who dare to disagree with the Journal on the subject of multiplying institutions within a State."

Rather a thin inference, as our unprejudiced readers will say, knowing as they very well do the right to the free discussion of all topics, which we always advocate, and invariably practice.

The readers of our articles can so easily understand their true meaning, that it is all in vain for the *Advance* to try to beslobber them over for the purpose of misleading intelligent persons who have read them, but it may succeed with those who have read but the *Advance*'s side of the subject.

The good boy of the Minnesota Institution who won't touch other folks' tools, although left temptingly around, are watched by Nebraska Institution boys, who are too honest to allow their names to fraudulently grace the Roll of Honor. They own up at the last moment to some unexpected sin.

The editor of the *Gazette* maintains his usual good luck. He was invited to hear the fair ones sing at a musical soiree at a female seminary; and takes good care to say that while those entertainments occur monthly, few, indeed, are the invitations the outside world gets to hear the angelic warblers.

A deaf-mute is circulating through the country soliciting money for the buying of a farm for himself. He is provided with letters from distinguished persons in Philadelphia, New York, and elsewhere, which it has been ascertained are fraudulent. He collected \$45 in McKeesport.

The State comptroller, in his annual report, suggests that, since so much reformation has followed the placing of the State prisons under one head, it is meet that the charitable institutions of the State should be treated likewise. If the official axe is to be sharpened this way, it is time for the executive heads of our deaf-mute institutions to keep their eyes open.

The Chicago Daily News for Deaf-mutes is progressing finely. It has, among others, pupils 14, 15 and 17 years of age who had never before been to school, and who, it is said, never will go out for their being the above school. Mrs. M. E. Stone whose husband is Managing Editor of the Chicago Daily News and who is said to be a relative of the Gallaudets, takes a special interest in the school.

girls and for a girls' hospital. Another new building contains a boiler and engine-room below, and a laundry in the first story. The laundry has been fitted up with the latest appliances, and other improvements have been made. The Institution is now connected with Belleville by one of Bell's telephones, which proves very convenient and useful.

In one of his annual reports (1843) as secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, Mr. Mann described the German method of teaching articulation to the deaf, and urged its adoption in this country. In the language of Dr. Howe, when addressing a committee of the State legislature upon the importance of providing this method of instruction for its deaf wards, it took twenty years for this suggestion of Mr. Mann to bear fruit, but its importance is now universally admitted, and it seems eminently fitting to associate with this school, sustained in part by State funds, the name which it now bears; since it is included in the public-school system of the State of Massachusetts, for the improvement of which Mr. Mann labored so earnestly, and is organized with reference to a system of instruction the benefits of which he made known to this community.

The night of December 28th, the residence of William R. Johnson, of Palmyra, N. Y., father of Hattie, a deaf-mute, was entered by burglars, and articles such as overcoats, silverware, money &c., to the amount of \$100, were carried away. More would probably have been taken were it not for Mr. Johnson's call for his hired man when he heard a noise and saw a light through the door into his bedroom, which frightened the burglars who hastened out with the above booty.

The *Annals* for January is out and has the following leading articles for its contents: "The Phisiology of the Deaf and Dumb," by B. D. Pettengill; "The Causes of Deafness," by B. St. F. Acleris; "Is Deafness a Barrier to the Mastery of the English Language?" by Robert Patteon, B. A.; "Mary Bradley and Joseph Hague," by George Wallis; "The Efficiency of Teachers of Deaf-Mutes"; "Sabouroux de Fontenay and his Instructor Pache," by Leon Vaise; "The Home of the California Institution," by Waring Wilkinson, M. A.

It was night—a dark night—and a deaf-mute, a dignified professor, was toiling up a hill, soft and tender with its twelve inches of mud. Half way up, a tramp and the professor met. Distinctively the professor pulled out his seven shot and told him of tramping tendencies, to quit holing in his ears. The silvery gleam, penetrating even the darkness, the tramp took for a dollar of our daddies, "reached and covered it," but feeling the cold steel he turned, and presto! did you ever see a scared tramp run?

Colorado Institute.—Bids are now being received for the erection of a school-building separate from the main edifice. It is intended to be large enough to accommodate the blind pupils, to whom the Institution is soon to be opened, as well as the deaf-mutes, and will also provide a room for the printing-office.

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AT REST.

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

It is the evening hour,
And thankfully,
Father, Thy weary child
Has come to Thee.

I lean my aching head
Upon Thy breast,
And there, and only there,
I am at rest.

Thou knowest all my life;
Each petty sin;
Nothing is hid from Thee,
Without, within.

All that I have or am
Is wholly Thine;
So is my soul at peace,
For Thou art mine.

To-morrow's dawn may find
Me here or there—
It matters little, since Thy love
Is everywhere.

—*Observer.*

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify our selves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

CHICAGO DEAF-MUTE SCHOOL.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 2, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In your issue of Dec. 27th, a notice is made concerning one of our city school regulations, as to not allowing the Bible to be read in its schools and its application to the day school for deaf-mutes.

It is true that such a regulation does exist in the public schools of Chicago; and farther, upon investigation, we find the public schools of Chicago unsurpassed in thoroughness of culture, characterized by independence and freedom of thought and opinion, and harmony of concerted action.

The City School Board is composed of men from the legal, clerical, editorial and other professions, all chosen for their special fitness as educational men. And, too, they all throw that zeal into their individual work on committees and specialities which seems to characterize the business men of Chicago. They have respect for the opinions and religion of the parents of the children to be educated, and leave the dogmas of churches to the parents and their special spiritual advisers and teachers.

But the deaf-mute children in our school seem to have no need of sympathy on this score, for their senses are on the alert to take in the truth of what they see about them, and we would venture the assertion that they, for the time they have been in school, are as well posted in religious matters as the same number of deaf children in any state institution in the United States. They engage in family worship at home, study their lessons, make their way to and from school and ascertain the meaning of all they see. They mix with the other school children, talk and play with them and acquire habits and thoughts like them, which seems to advance them more rapidly in school-room culture. They of course have a great many questions to ask their teachers which gives ample opportunity to counsel, reprimand or advise, and the habits they acquire seem to be of better growth, than those obtained by long isolation from home in very large numbers, except to attend the colleges as every aspiring me boy should have a chance.

A large number of the parents of the deaf children in school are Catholics, while others are Jews, Methodists, Baptists, etc. Respectfully,
C. L. WILLIAMS.

Prof. Wm. H. Weeks before the Boston Deaf-mute Society.

The Boston *Daily Advertiser* of Dec. 31, 1877, and other city papers of that date, had the following notice in their columns:

"The Deaf-mute Society worshipping in Boylston Hall was yesterday addressed by Professor William H. Weeks, of the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., who delivered a very interesting discourse from Revelations vii: 14, 17, to almost forty persons. This society has now been in existence one year under trusteeship. Parties desiring to be better informed in regard to it are requested to visit the rooms on Sunday mornings or evenings or Wednesday evenings."

The Trustees are Messrs. James Sturgis, Francis Brooks, Martin Brominer, and Joseph Story, well-known, and influential gentlemen of that city, and of different denominations, the funds for the maintenance of which are collected in that city alone, and placed in the hands of James Sturgis, Treasurer of the Trustees, by whom they are handed to the committee in charge as occasion requires. Sunday Jan. 6th, 1878, makes one year of this society's existence. Mr. Weeks has been connected with the American Asylum twelve years, and this was his fifth visit to the society, where he is always cordially received and listened to with much appreciation.

J. T. T.

Proper Management of Public Institutions.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—That the human physique can be greatly improved, no one who has studied science, will either gainsay or repudiate. Nothing stands still in nature. Herbert Spencer writes: "While it was held that the stars are fixed and that the hills are everlasting, there was a certain incongruity in the notion that man continues unchanged from age to age; but now, when we know that all stars are in motion, and that there are no such things as everlasting hills—now that we find all things throughout the universe to be in a ceaseless flux, it is time for this crude conception of human nature to disappear out of our social conceptions; or, rather, it is time that its disappearance should be followed by that of the many narrow notions respecting the past and the future of society, which have grown out of it, and which linger, notwithstanding the loss of their root."

Some there are to be found among the cultured, who admit that transformations are continually going on, yet it is the old jig jog style most adopt; and any innovations seems sacrilegious. Be that as it may, ex-celsior is our motto. Truth is what we are looking after; and the dogmas of the schools, not the so-called exponents of a formula or creed.

Why do medical men say that "our bodies undergo a radical change once in seven years," if this be not so? When does that change take place? It is particle by particle. We do not see the plant grow and develop; yet we know it does—some more rapidly than others. Why we ask? The answer comes: one is planted in a more congenial soil than the other. Conditions were different, or it may be they are side by side in the same flower garden. Now what makes them to differ? They were not set out at the same time. A few hours earlier, or later in the day, has made the great difference. Just as the sun was sinking amid its western hills, as evening's shadows were gilding the heavens and the gentle dews were distilling on plant and flowers, the thrifty shrub was placed in its earth-bed. Conditions were right and growth development was not impeded. The mid-day sun is at its height! Another plant finds its way to the same garden—is set down beside its sister plant; it droops; and why? The noon-day sun pours down on it its effluent rays, only to cause it to droop. Too much light, too much heat all at once. It is dwarfed in its stature. Conditions were not right for its perfect development. It is little by little that truth springs up and thrives. Pour on, pour in gently, the flood of light and the vivifying influence that knowledge imparts! Too much or too little stupifies in the natural, so is it in the physical.

In order that the changes going on in the human structure be perfected, conditions must be in accordance with the demands. It is quality, not quantity, that is called for. Anything that rasps the nature develops in that nature unrest. How that state of the mind is photographed on the fine linaments of the face! Every rasping makes the lines more perceptible; a change passes over the countenance, and, if that rasping is kept up, discontent is plainly visible. Other circumstances would have developed a smile, but on that brow—that face, intended to be beautiful, a frown sits enthroned. We make our own expressions of face and features by the time we are forty.

These beautiful words comprise all:

"Majestic sweetness sits enthroned,
Upon the Savior's brow—
His head with radiant glory crown,
His lips with grace o'er flow."

Why this sweetnes? His lips with grace o'erflow! The heart of the Savior is brimming full, overflowing with love, and it is manifested towards all. Those whom disease has touched need culture, need care. The tiny plant, how it is watched by the skillful gardener! Why, we ask, should not these children of sorrow be especially cared for? Much of life's sunshine has been withdrawn from them by deafness—by blindness. Dear ones: could any act of the writer scatter your days and nights of mental unrest, most gladly would that act be done; or, if by her faint efforts, she could stir up the public mind to increased efforts for your physical culture, and bodily comforts, labor would be rest—till would be sweet.

It may be that our public institutions do all they can, with the appropriations made. Funds only go so far, and we do not give much credit to one in trust, who receives compensation of \$2,000 or \$3,000, and lives up to \$10,000; a leakage somewhere. Fraud somewhere, and it is only a question of time before all is brought to custody.

to the scrutiny of the light.

No danger of that in our public institutions. Their leading strings are not in that fix, after their stews live well, grow fat—look flourishing. Could we stir up the great heart of our philanthropists to look more after our institutions where the children of sorrow dwell, and feed them with food convenient for them, how our hearts would rejoice! It is meat and potatoes three days in the week, and potatoes and meat the balance of the week. Does the reader wonder that there are no more brilliant minds among them? Try it on, and see how long it will be before your stomach will be calling out for a change of diet.

We repeat "good food makes good blood—good blood produces nerve force—muscular force, bodily vigor and activity of body and brain." Feed them better, and if funds are not appropriated, have each boy and girl taught something useful, something that brings into our schools money to make up the deficiencies. The question of the day is: Will it pay? We, understandingly, say it will.

See how the food is slapped down on these tables, as if it were a drove of pigs to be fed—not beings made only a little lower than the angels.

Reform we want, and we are willing to put our hands into our pockets and help it along.

Mrs. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

Medical College, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BUSCHICK—NORRIS.

REV. A. W. MANN SENDS ANOTHER DEAF-MUTE COUPLE REJOICING.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On the 1st inst., while the gay people of this city were busy making and receiving New Year's calls they little thought of a quiet but important event that was going on in their midst. This was the marriage of Miss Kate Buschick to Mr. Samuel Norris. The wedding took place at the residence of the bride's father, 137 Fremont Street, in the presence of a few relatives and intimate friends including nine deaf-mutes. The wedding was a very quiet affair, but few invitations having been sent out. The ceremony was performed at half-past six in the evening, by Rev. A. W. Mann. The questions and responses were made almost entirely in signs, and in accordance with the Episcopal marriage service. The bridesmaid was Miss Carrie Hathaway, and D. W. George was the best man. The bride was dressed in drab-colored cashmere with the usual floral trimmings in her hair. After the ceremony was over and the congratulations of friends were received, the company adjourned to the supper table, where an elegant spread awaited them. Here the deaf-mutes, seated together, amused each other with flashes of pantomimic wit and humor. At the supper table some one mischievously observed that of the ten deaf-mutes present, all were married but two. This was of course taken as very suggestive whose turn would come next. Supper over, the company spent the remainder of the evening very pleasantly in social converse.

The curious feature of this wedding was that the bride, groom, minister, and attendants were all deaf-mutes. This is the third deaf-mute couple Mr. Mann has united. He has also married one or two hearing and speaking couples. This is the third deaf-mute wedding that has taken place in this city within the last six months.

The ancient maidens in this city are thinning out pretty fast, and, soon, there will be none left. Mr. Mann had to leave early to be in time for the train to bear him home, which he said had increased attractions for him owing to the advent of a little stranger whom he expects will some day call him papa.

The bride was educated at Jacksonville. She is known as a good natured, sensible young lady. The groom was born in Scotland, where, in addition to receiving a fair education, he was for seven years taught the trade of stone cutting and marble sculpturing.

The pair will reside for the present at Clemont, Ill. Among the deaf-mutes present were Miss Carrie Hathaway, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cotton, Mr. and Mrs. McCarty and your humble servant.

D. W. GEORGE.

Chicago, Ill.

—During the week ending Jan. 5th, the police of New York arrested 1,685 persons, and during the same period there were registered 504 births, 122 marriages and 503 deaths.

—The grand jury in San Francisco found indictments against Kearney, Wellock and O'Donnell, the incendiary agitators, for conspiracy to incite riot. All furnished bail and were released from custody.

DO NOT SIGN YOUR OWN NAME.

DUDLEY WEBSTER GEORGE'S WONDERFUL PRODUCTION FRESCOED.

spects religion, is respected more than a professed Christian who attacks religious denominations to which he does not belong.

Hoping that many of the readers will remember and thank D. W. George for his courage in peeping out from behind the scenes of Chicago, and dropping his dignified *nom de plume* ("Dixie"), I remain his unacquainted friend.

X.

Brooklyn, 1878.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

A DEAF-MUTE'S WATCH-NIGHT MEETING.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Last Saturday night Mr. Samuel Rowe, of Mass., made his second appearance in this city to fulfill his engagement to occupy the platform of our society Sunday, and was welcome at my house as our guest. After a warm reception was given by the society, he gave us an account of his journey and his visit among mutes in certain places on his way to Belfast.

We assembled in the North Church vestry to hear him Sunday forenoon and afternoon. Two mutes came thirteen miles, by private conveyance, to join with us, and returned the same evening. In the evening Mr. Rowe reviewed us on what we had recited in the Bible-class during his absence.

Monday evening all, the mutes of this city met at my house to spend the night till twelve o'clock, when we declared the old year out and the new one in. During that evening Mrs. Prudence E. Staples, in the chair, called the meeting to order. Prayer was offered by Mr. Rowe. After a few remarks were made by Messrs. Brown, Rowe, and others, the Maine Deaf-mute Mission was organized, with the election of C. Atg. Brown for general manager. The object of the mission is to employ a State missionary to conduct Sunday services, and make personal visits among mutes throughout Maine.

Mr. Rowe will preach in Saco on Sunday, January 6th, as we have advanced him necessary expenses.

FRANCIS M. STAPLES.

Belfast, Me., Jan. 3, 1878.

A Subscriber and his Family Making a Trip, and visiting.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I give you some news to be published in your paper. We left here for New York, by the Wallkill Valley & Erie RR., via Goshen, to make a visit to my sister, on the 19th ult.

We went to St. Ann's Church to have our little boy baptized by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, on the 22d. After the service we went to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, with G. W. Schutt. Misses Middleton and Seymour pleasantly welcomed us. I believe they manage the Home very well.

I went by one of the Harlem boats from Harlem to Peck Slip to view Hell Gate and Blackwell's Island, and made short calls on Messrs. Heyman, Newell, Fersehheim and Schutt. They were all doing well.

I felt as if I was reaching the sky, at the new Post Office. The building is very fine and, strong in every way.

We visited Central Park and, also, the institution for the deaf-mutes. Miss Prudence Lewis, matron of the institution, conducted us to dinner and then to the school-rooms. We saw only two classes, Professors Conklin and Reaves. The pupils did finely. We called to see Dr. I. L. Peet and his wife, and had a pleasant talk with them for about one hour. They were in good spirits. I hope they will accept our thanks for their courtesy and kindness.

We left New York for Newark, last Saturday, to visit Mr. I. C. Nee and wife. Mrs. Nee is a sister of my wife. Mr. Nee and myself went to Montclair, to make a short call on a friend of mine. We had several pleasant calls from Misses Hahn and Broschneck, and Mr. Halsey, at Mr. Nee's house.

Mr. Nee and myself made calls on Messrs. Merwin and Redman and their families on New Year's Day. They were getting along well. Mr. Redman built his fine house at Roseville. Mr. West, of Bloomfield, was there, as a guest. He was from Germany, and has never been to school, but I hope he will improve in talking by the sign language and manual alphabet.

I have more to write about him in some future time. His adopted daughter lent me a large lot of his writings to read—suitable for lessons for the young deaf-mute pupils. Indeed they were much excited which showed that he was very glad to go. He was some what relieved, but very weak and we assisted him to a seat in the milk wagon. On the following morning we received a note from Horace Burnet informing us that he was dead.

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We got home yesterday, safe and sound.

We feel grateful to a merciful God for our safe trip. Yours truly,

MERRITT OSTRANDER.

Whiteport, N. Y., Jan. 4, 1878.

About the late John R. Burnet.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I understood that there was a talk among the officers of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb about raising some money to erect a suitable monument over the remains of John R. Burnet. Indeed he deserves one to perpetuate his memory for some reasons which I will give, and whose merits I hope will be felt by all the graduates of that institution.

The prosperity and world-wide fame

of that institution are much owing to the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Burnet. Yet he never boasted of them, for he was a man of quiet disposition. He had no fame in view save the welfare of the unfortunate class to which he belonged and in which he always took a lively interest. There are many institutions in the United States whose number is caused by the interest in the condition of the deaf-mutes created by his repeatedly published writings, yet he never expected any rich compensation for his disinterested services, but on the contrary he was more gratified to know that he had done anything to better the unfortunate class. Benevolence was one of his striking characteristics. He would go miles to see uneducated deaf-mutes, and was instrumental in securing admittance for many of them into the New York institution. His remains rest on the crown of the second mountain, by the Northfield Baptist Church, which his grandfather built mostly at his own expense, and are still waiting to be marked by some memorial. By whom should it be done? By the deaf-mutes whose benefits owe much to his most unselfish services. Mrs. Bowditch (the wife of the late John R. Burnet), and her adopted daughter were about to draw some money out of their own fund to get a simple tomb for the deceased, when they were informed of the contemplated movement among the deaf-mutes. They deferred the matter for the present to see what would be done. The bereft family are willing to solicit anything to swell their intended fund, but they would be much gratified to know that the grateful appreciate his noble services, by raising a sufficient fund to secure a suitable monument for the deceased without touching that of the bereft family. If each deaf-mute in the United States would contribute twenty-five cents towards it, it would secure a handsome monument. I trust that something will be done towards it without any unnecessary delay.

Yours truly,

FRED.

Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 4, 1878.

WHERE A DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY'S AGENTS HAVE BEEN.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In the Journal of the 27 ult., I notice the bland invitation of "J. T. T." to prove whether any of those societies he had named in his article sent any agents into Maine to collect any money for their societies. With regret I have to say that a hearing State Missionary informed me that a certain member of a society of five or six persons, in a good sized city of Massachusetts, has canvassed for the society in a city in Maine. On account of the said society's proximity to several other societies, I give it as my opinion that the society should cease, by all means.

Yours truly,

UNKNOWN.

Maine, Jan. 3, 1878.

NOTICE.

The President of the New England Gallaudet Association of De

PACKARD'S HALF-HOUR TALKS.

The Salem Society of Deaf-mutes is honored with the privilege of having half-hour talks every Tuesday evening at their rooms, given by our ever-willing laborer, P. W. Packard, gratuitously, upon different subjects, which we consider quite a treat and very instructive. He commenced them here on Tuesday evening, Dec. 4th. I will give the readers of the JOURNAL a few extracts.

His subject was the "Bible in past ages." After telling of the British and Foreign Bible Society, whose rooms abound in rolls and long files of ancient manuscripts, the lecturer said he would try to lead us back to the time of its beginning, requesting us to read our Bibles and turn to the references made to Scripture as they occur. He spoke of the ages without the Bible, when this world existed 2,500 years or more after the creation of mankind, without a written revelation, and Moses tells us that the wickedness of man during that period, was "great upon the earth," so that a just and holy God swept the whole race away and washed out their remembrance, with the exception of one family, saved in the ark, to be the founders of new nations.

The lecturer told how God held immediate intercourse with one patriarch after another, by voice from heaven, and he had spoken much with Adam, who lived nearly 700 years after the birth of his grandson Enoch, when, it is said, "men began to call upon the name of the Lord." Of Enoch it is said that he "walked with God, and was not, for God took him." Enoch would certainly teach the truth to his own son, Methuselah, with whom he lived 300 years. In giving him his name he uttered a prophecy; for the word means "He dies, and it is sent."

Noah might have talked with him for 600 years before the flood, so that in a line of only five persons all that Adam, who was made in God's own image, knew of his Creator would be handed down from tongue to tongue, and, doubtless, Adam, Enoch and Noah, at least, were actual preachers of righteousness to all who would hear them. It is thought by some that Noah, himself, went forth into China, Ham into Africa, Japheth into Europe, while Shem, who was the favored son, remained in Asia, some of his descendants populating Arabia.

With this possible knowledge of God, we know that very soon there was mingled the "corruption" of a former world. Men began to adore in God's stead the sun and moon, because they observed them to be moving bodies, and thought them living ones in the heavens.

Very early, as we learn from the picture-writing or hieroglyphics on the walls of their ancient temples, they mixed up their true and noble notions of God, of the past and of the future, with base idolatries. They bowed down to bulls, crocodiles, onions and beetles; yet they were men of mighty thoughts, and their ideas of buildings were so vast that at this day we should say the records of their structures were fables if the immense remains did not exist as witnesses to the truth of history. A French engineer has calculated that the stones of that huge pile called the "Great Pyramid" would suffice to build a wall around France, 1,800 miles, one foot thick and ten feet high.

In the third pyramid of Ghizah has been found the coffin of the king, for whom it was built—King Mycerinus, and Europe is indebted to Col. Howard Vyse for the discovery. He discovered a sarcophagus, or stone coffin, and on the floor a mummy case, or rather a broken lid (for the pyramid had been rifled hundreds of years before by the Saracens,) which proved to be, from the picture-writing upon it, the sarcophagus and coffin of the builder. It can now be seen in the British Museum, and it is, perhaps, 4,000 years old. These ancient and extraordinary Egyptians, whose thoughts seem always to have been occupied with their temples and their tombs, believed that the spirit, when it left the body, wandered on, never resting, giving life to some beast of the field, some fowl of the air, or some fish of the sea, waiting for the redemption of the original body; therefore they took great pains to preserve their bodies after death, in time-proof mansions. They had no written revelation, to which to refer, to set them right when they were wrong, and after the death of the patriarchs they derived their knowledge from tradition, or that which one told another; for God never spoke to them by a voice from heaven.

The lecturer then spoke of Arabia. The three great nations of remote antiquity are the Egyptians, the Arabians, and the Jews. The Arabs say that they are sprung from two sources; that

a part of them are the sons of Ishmael and are the naturalized Arabs, but that the pure Arabs are the sons of Joktan, the great great grandson of Shem. Among their tribes the Jobaritans are said to claim descent from Job of the Bible. It is admitted by all most learned men that the book of Job is of extreme antiquity. The Syrian Christians place it as the first book in their Bibles. Job is believed by some of the most eminent Eastern scholars to have been an Arabian emir or chief.

We can imagine Moses, in Midian, which was a neighboring district to that in which Job had lived centuries before, as finding in some written character, which he from his Egyptian wisdom understood, the records left of this great man, before whom "princes and nobles had been silent," and, under the immediate inspiration of God, casting these records in the form of a Hebrew poem, as a picture of patience and impatience for the benefit of his suffering brethren. The book of Job is generally considered to have been written, or translated by Moses. Possibly he also wrote in Midian, in the long days of his secluded shepherd life, and, by God's teaching, the book of Genesis.

A few reasons are given why it has been supposed that the book of Job is so old. 1st, his long life of certainly two, and, perhaps, three or four hundred years. 2d, the absence of any reference in the Book of God's dealings with Abraham or his children, and of any notice of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. 3d, the worship of the sun and moon being the only species of idolatry mentioned in the book (Job 31: 26.) 4th, the manner and customs described, which are those of the earliest patriarchs. 5th, Job's religion, which is exactly and purely patriarchal.

The learned men above referred to are of the opinion that there is sufficient proof that Job lived between the deluge and the call of Abraham. Job alludes to the deluge, (Job 9: 5-6; also 12: 15), so that God never left the world at any period without a witness to his truth. You will indeed be ready to say: "How much these ancient Arabians knew of God!" These patriarchs, Job and his friends, notwithstanding the mistakes they made, are men who seem to have conversed with the Invisible, to have read him reverently in the vast volume of his works and, also, to have received, from old prophecies of the latter day glory (Job xix: 25), while as concerning worldly knowledge, the art of weaving (vi: 19), the refining of metals (xxviii: 1), the coining of money (42: 11), the use of musical instruments (xxi: 12), all were understood and practiced. We are now passing into the ages when the Pentateuch began to be written.

The Bible was written by degrees and by different persons. It took 1,600 years to write it. The first five books were written by Moses in the wilderness, as well as the book of Job, called by the Grecian Jews "The Pentateuch." The rest of the Old Testament, thirty-three books in number, was written by different inspired leaders, prophets, priests and kings of Israel, but all by Israelites. But at that time there were no books like our books. The time of Moses was 1,550 years before Christ our Saviour came into the world.

The lecturer then spoke of making paper, &c. Our mode of printing, or of making paper, had not then been discovered. The old Egyptians made linen, in which they wrapped their mummies, and so prepared it that they could trace hieroglyphics upon it. They also wrote upon rolls made of rush papyrus, that is, of the coats which surround its stalk. When the bark is taken off, there are several films or inner pellicles, one within another. These, when separated from the stalk, were laid on a table, artfully matched and flattened together, and moistened with the water of the Nile, which, dissolving the glutinous juices of the plant, caused them to adhere closely together. They were afterwards pressed, and then dried in the sun, and thus were prepared sheets of leaves for writing upon in characters, marked by a colored liquid passing through a hollow reed. On this the sacred documents of Egypt were written on papyrus, and those of the New Testament among the rest. In the fourth century, however, these sacred writings are found on animals' skins. These were prepared for durability, and many decayed copies of the New Testament, belonging to libraries, were early transferred to parchment. Finally came paper, the name of which was taken from the Egyptian reed, but the material of which it was fabricated were cotton and linen. The largest papyrus roll now known is 10 feet long, many of which are found in the tombs of Egypt. But the Pentateuch of

CONDENSED ROMANCE.

Who says that there is no romance in practical America? Who says that the days of chivalry and love-making are gone, and that this is a world of ledgers and blue stockings? Why, the exchange table shows: (a) that romance begins early; for a Chicago lad of fourteen eloped, last week, with a sweet little miss of thirteen; (b) that it gets on fast: for a dashing naval officer proposed to a Washington belle last Tuesday, was accepted on Wednesday and married on Saturday; (c) that it is numerous: for a woman in Coventry, Conn., swears that, like the good wife in Chancer's tale, she has had seven husbands, and that they have annoyed her all her life by turning up after she had every reason to suppose that they had been hanged as pirates, or carried off by small-pox; (d) that it is exceedingly uncertain: for "Clara," of Westfield, Mass., broke the engagement the moment she heard that her betrothed had been bitten by a mad dog, on the ground that it would be unsafe to marry a man who might have the hydrophobia; (e) that it is never too late for it; for a farmer in Massachusetts, who confessed his seventy-third year, hired his neighbor's son to find a wife for him, insisting that she must be young and pretty, and the agent brought to the venerable widower an engaging lass of seventeen, who, rather than work out for a living, professed her willingness to marry him, and to inherit his money in the sweet by-and-by; but the marriage has cost the old man dear, for, besides the commissions charged by the neighbor's son, he has had to give his daughter, who was the bride's senior by eight years, \$10,000 outright before she would consent to leave his roof and allow him to enjoy his honeymoon.—*New York Tribune.*

The Supreme Court has decided that the Black Hills election last fall was legal. Dennis Connors, of Rhinebeck, N. Y., was struck by a "soot" train and instantly killed, Dec. 27. Ex-President Grant, wife and son, arrived at La Valetta, last Friday, on the United States steamer Vandalia from Palermo. Salutes were exchanged between the steamer and the fortifications. Wm. S. Stevens, consular agent of the United States, first waited on the General, who then received a visit of welcome on board the Vandalia from the Fort Admiral and the Duke of Edinburg. On the departure of the Duke salutes were fired and the yards manned. General Grant was to land the following day, in state, and lunch with the Duke and Duchess of Petersberg. There was no hope of his recovery.

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A CENTURY OF DANISH HISTORY.

A well-authenticated case of longevity is reported from Copenhagen. On Wednesday, November 21, there died in that town, at the age of one hundred and two years eleven months eleven days, a Mr. Joseph Ronge, a glass dealer and glass cutter by trade, the oldest citizen of Copenhagen. He was born on the 10th of December, 1774, not early enough to have seen Queen Caroline Mathilde before she was carried to Cronborg Castle and sent as an exile to Celle, but still at a time when a boy he could from eye witnesses hear the report of the public execution of that Queen's unhappy favorite, the once all powerful minister Struensee.

He was a youth of over eighteen when Louis XVI. was beheaded, a man of forty at the time of Waterloo and the downfall of Napoleon I. Till he was one hundred years old Mr. Ronge managed his business himself, and attended in his shop, though he had been compelled some years earlier to give up working at the glass cutter's wheel. On the 10th of December, 1874, he received from the King a decoration, not as a reward for long life, but as an acknowledgment of an active and honorable life of no common extent. Even after having completed his century, the old man could be seen every day sitting at the same table in one of the most frequented cafes of Copenhagen, sipping his tulip of toddy and glancing at the papers, withered as an overkept winter apple, but withal pale and healthy, with his mental powers unimpaired, and perfectly able to keep himself, even to walk without a stick. His death, which was sudden at the last, was occasioned, not by any decline of strength, but by a severe cold.—*London Times.*

Mr. Bailey gave an interesting lecture on the adventures of Peter Williamson among the Indians, on the evening of December 20th. He is to preach in Salem, December 25th.

Mr. Daniel W. Carey left Worcester for his old home in Maine last week, and stopped here one night. He engaged himself while visiting here. We expect him to come here again this week. A few of our friends intend to go to Worcester, to have a good time at a levee, New Year's night. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, I close this long letter.

REPORTER.
Salem, Mass., Dec. 24, 1877.

CONDENSED ROMANCE.

—Colonel McLean assumed the duties of post master in Brooklyn, Jan. 1. —Cory & Co., oil dealers, New York have failed. Liabilities \$41,000; assets \$6,000.

—James N. Matthews, late editor of the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, has purchased the *Buffalo Express*.

—Five stores, two warehouses, and other buildings burned at Sweet \$30,000.

—George Moss, editor of the Watertown *Despatch*, has received the appointment of Deputy Secretary of State.

—A. C. Newland, treasurer of Lawrence county, Ind., recently died. A deficit of \$15,000 has been discovered in his accounts.

—James O'Neil, a railroad engineer, was shot dead by some unknown person, at Bloomington, Ill., at 3 A. M. Dec. 27.

—A court-martial will be held at the Seventh Regiment armory, New York, Jan. 15th, for the trial of delinquent officers and privates of the regiment.

—Boatmen, led by Thomas Shannon, attacked negroes indiscriminately, at Harper's Ferry, Dec. 26. In an encounter with officers, Shannon was dangerously shot.

—Martin Fester, of Philadelphia, for a felonious assault on a little girl, was sentenced to pay a fine of \$500 and undergo a term of fifteen years imprisonment.

—Colonel William W. Remney, formerly commander of the Twenty-second Regiment N. G. S. N. Y., and who served several years in the late war, died recently at his home, on Jersey City Heights.

—Richard Kavanagh, who will be fifty this month, was a convict, was being transferred from Auburn to Clinton Prison, Dec. 27th, jumped from a car window while the train was in full motion, near Fort Ann, and escaped.

—Payments to charitable institutions, in New York, Dec. 27th, by the Finance Department, were made as follows: Institution of Mercy, for the quarter ending Nov. 30th, \$11,284; St. Joseph's Institute for Deaf-mutes, \$1,500; Sisters of St. Dominic (quarterly payment), \$1,112.21.

—A shocking tragedy occurred on the 27th of Dec. at Farmville, Va. Colonel Wm. Randolph Berkely, an eminent lawyer, was sitting in his office, talking with another gentleman, when a knock was heard at the door. The Colonel rose and opened it, when a ball fired from without struck him in the temple, killing him instantly. Immediately after Captain Wm. H. Kennedy, the murderer, entered the office, placed a pistol to his own head and shot himself. Captain Kennedy had long been despondent, and had previously made three attempts on his own life. Colonel Berkely left a large family. Captain Kennedy was formerly of Petersburg. There was no hope of his recovery.

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DR. PIERCE'S STANDARD REMEDIES

ARE NOT ADVERTISED AS "CURE-ALLS" BUT ARE SPECIFIED IN THE DISEASES FOR WHICH THEY ARE RECOMMENDED.

NATURAL SELECTION.

Investigators of natural science have demonstrated beyond controversy, that throughout the animal kingdom the "survival of the fittest" is the only law that vouches thrift and perpetuity. Does not the same principle govern the commercial prosperity of nations? An article of superior merit, Dr. Pierce's Standard Medicines have outvied all others. Their sale in the United States alone exceeds one million dollars per annum, while the amount exported foots up to several hundred thousand more. No business could grow to such gigantic proportions and rest upon any other basis than that of merit.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

IS ALTERNATIVE, OR BLOOD-CLEANSING.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

IS PECTORAL.

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IS TONIC.

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IS CHOLAGOGUE, OR LIVER STIMULANT.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

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